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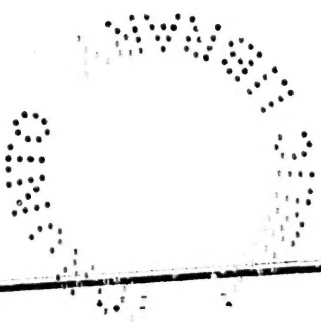
SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF

JOHN JAMES CHARLESWORTH,

On the 17th December, 1865,

AT TORONTO, C.W.

AGED FOUR YEARS AND NINE MONTHS.



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Feb 17 1918



Lines

SUGGESTED ON THE DEATH OF JOHN JAMES CHARLESWORTH,
ON THE 17TH DECEMBER, 1865, AT TORONTO, C. W.
AGED 4 YEARS AND NINE MONTHS.

To Mrs. Charlesworth.

Weeping Mother, bending lowly
O'er thine infant's early bier,
Cease to weep, thy child's in glory ;
Shed no more this bitter tear.
Wherefore weep the one departed,
When ecstatic bliss he shares :
When from this life's sorrows parted,
The diadem in heav'n he wears ?

Mourning Mother, Christ in mercy
Took him to his loving arms ;
Far from every danger earthly,
He is lodged where nothing harms.
Though you watched your lovely flower
Droop and wither, fade and die ;
You are certain that forever
It will bloom beyond the sky.

Yes ! your Johnnie blooms in heaven,
Lovelier far than when below ;
Singing now the heavenly anthem,
Joined by brothers, sisters, too.
List ye ! hear that voice of gladness,
Bursting forth in grateful song ;
Notes that are unmixed with sadness,
Float amid that happy throng.

Loving Mother, see thy darling
Now a star in mercy's crown ;
See him with the seraphs standing,
Ne'er to fear a Father's frown.
He is safe from life's pollution,
From the sin of riper years ;
Free forever from temptation ;—
Jesus wipes away his tears.

Some small solace to thy spirit,
"Now an angel is my boy ;"
Oh ! remember, he that wills it,
Would if best give only joy.
Picture in thy lonely sadness,
When thy soul must anguish feel,
Thy sweet boy mid Zion's gladness,
Near the throne where angels kneel.

THOUGHTS
ON THE
Anniversary of the Death
OF
JOHN JAMES CHARLESWORTH,
WHO DIED DECEMBER 17, 1865.

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Charlesworth:

Will you accept this expression of sympathy from a friend who has keenly felt the powerlessness of friendship to remove the heavy burden of sorrow under which you have suffered since the loss of your interesting little son.

I.

How beauteous is the spring-time,
With its dewy flowers,
With song of birds from southern clime,
To charm the passing hours.

Sweet 'tis to wander by the stream
Rippling its gladsome lay ;
Pluck violets in twilight's gleam,
Daises at dawn of day.

Such happiness is saddened,
To know it will not last ;
The heart *by nature* gladdened,
Must mourn for pleasures past.

Spring's cherished blossoms wither,
Autumn brings faded leaves ;
The snows of winter ever cover
Our new-made little graves-

The father lays beneath the sod
His fond and cherished joy,
In life's young spring ; gives back to God
His loving, gentle boy.

When home he comes from distant land,
One greeting will he miss,
One tender grasp of little hand,
One loving, child-caress.

Faith points him to that land of song,
Save by the good, untrod ;
Where angel and archangel throng
Around the throne of God.

In that sunny land of beauty,
How changed is Johnnie now ;
Clad in immortal purity,
Youth ever on his brow.

When earthly shadows fade away,
Life's battle fought and won,
Then shall he hear the Saviour say—
“ Father, ‘ Behold thy son.’ ”

II.

Passing away, passing away,
Seems written on everything here;
The flower blooms but to decay
And sink to its lone grassy bier.

The song of the bird is soon hush'd,
The music of woodland soon gone,
Our loved ones lie low in the dust,—
Our comfort, their spirits were borne.

To the home that Christ has prepar'd,
Where the sun nor moon never shine;
Where those who his sorrows have shar'd,
On his bosom forever recline.

III.

Mamma, I feel so very sad ;
I always used to be so glad,
But, oh, last night I only cried
For my little brother that died.

He was so kind in all our play,
And when you walked with us each day.
The sweetest flowers he always spied—
My dear little brother that died.

Mamma, you cry so often now,
There's so much sorrow on your brow ;
To find where Johnnie is I've tried—
My dear little brother that died.

You say that he is gone to heav'n ;
Mamma, do tell me, where is heav'n ?
To stay will he be satisfied ?
My dear little brother that died.

You say that there, there is no pain,
Nor heat, nor cold, nor pelting rain,
That soon I'll see, whate'er betide,
My dear little brother that died.



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Oh, tell me, will he look the same,
Will Johnnie always be his name?
Will he remember me—his pride?
My dear little brother that died.

And we will sing together there,
Our fruit and flowers we will share;
And see our Jesus crucified—
I, and my dear brother that died

Good night mamma, I'll go to sleep,
Kiss me mamma, I will not weep,
But dream that brother's by my side—
My dear little brother that died.

